



"E PLURIBUS UNUM."

I.  
The harp of the minstrel with melody rings,  
When the muse have taught him to touch and to tune it;  
But though it may have a full octave of strings,  
To both maker and minstrel the harp is a unit.  
So the power that creates  
Our republic of States,  
Into harmony brings them at different dates,  
And the thousand or thirty, the Union once done,  
Are "E Pluribus Unum,"—of many made one.

II.  
The science that weighs in her balance the spheres,  
And watched them since first the Creation began it,  
Now and then she counts them and measures their years,  
Brings into our system and rams a new planet.  
Yet the old and new stars—  
Young Neptune and Mars,  
As they drive round the sun their invisible cars,  
Whether faster or slower their races they run,  
Are "E Pluribus Unum,"—of many made one.

III.  
Of that system of spheres, should but one fly the track,  
Or with others conspire for a general dispersion,  
By the great central orb they would all be brought back,  
And held, each in her place, by a wholesome coercion.  
Should one daughter of light  
Be indulged in her flight,  
They would all be engulfed by old Chaos and Night;  
So must none of our sisters be suffered to run,  
For "E Pluribus Unum,"—we all go if one.

IV.  
Let the demon of discord our melody mar,  
Or Treason's red hand read our Union asunder,  
Break one string from our harp, or extinguish one star,  
The whole system is ablaze with its lightning and thunder.  
Let the discord be hushed!  
Let the stars be crushed!  
Though "Legion" their name all with victory dashed!  
For aye must our motto stand, fronting the sun,  
"E Pluribus Unum,"—though many we're one.

KING DICK.  
A TALE OF ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS.

By C. L. BRIARMEAD.

CHAPTER II.

"KISS ME QUICK, AND GO."

Through the window—Mart Springer—A big jump—On a Wall—The three enter the next house just in the nick of time—Mark C.—A short discussion—The Parlor—Jane Hutchinson—The secret foe—Warm kisses and a close embrace—A costly epistle—Who stood on the threshold and what he did.

HARDLY had Dick struck the ground—and he had not far to drop, for the sill was not two feet above the ground—when he heard some one say, "If yer please, stranger, it's rather too warm in here to be comfortable, and if you'll get out of the road I'll come through."

Without waiting for an answer, Mart Springer tumbled out with more regard to expedition than grace, and gathering himself up, closed the shutters again.

"Now then, the sooner we all tattle the better it'll be for everybody. There'll be particular thunder kicked up about this night's work and as you commenced the row, I rather guess Newtown will be too hot to hold you."

"Look here, stranger, you seem to be getting most mighty familiar like; who are you? I don't object to a person wringing in, in a friendly manner, but coming out of that crowd in such a hurry ain't exactly the best kind of a recommendation, you know. Don't want to hurt your feelings, but who are you?"

Mart did not have time to answer this question before Bob spoke up:

"All right. This is the cove that floored the bloke with a pistol in his fist; and much obliged to you for doing it, too. Haven't any desire to pull up stakes and stomp out of this country yet awhile; but confound yer chaffing; we must be getting out of this pretty shortly, and that won't happen if we stand here all night a talking."

"You're correct, Bob. As for you, stranger, I believe I did see you putting some one through the mill; and, if you helped to save Bob's head there by so doing, you've got my thanks for it; but how are we to get out of this? You know the place better than I do, but knowledge here don't amount to much."

"That's so," said Bob.

The place they were in was just as well contrived for a prison as any jail in Christendom. It was a small yard, some five feet wide and fifteen feet long, surrounded on one side and an end by the brick house which adjoined Mackles' crib, and not a window on the first floor; on another side, the building from which they had just made an exit; whilst at the remaining end was a solid brick wall, apparently about fifteen feet high.

"What do you advise, stranger?" inquired King Dick. "There seems to be a hot time of it in there, and it will never do to go back; in a couple of minutes the probabilities are that there'll be half a dozen of the dogs looking out here; so it won't do to stay, and yet I don't see any way of getting out."

"It's a locality in St. Louis that I never saw myself, before, exactly; and as for getting out, I don't see how it's to be did. My name's Mart Springer, however, and as it don't sound very cove-like to be called "Stranger," if you'd use part of it I'd be obliged to you."

"Nary a cursed bit of a ladder, not a sign of a door or a window, the only way is to jump it, and that's something you two can't conveniently do," said Bob, who was evidently pored.

"Not very," remarked Springer.

"I'll tell you how," now put in Dick. "It'll be a tight screw, but I think it can be done. You'll just take a little run and jump catch hold of the top of the wall, I'll catch hold of your boots, and you can draw both up with your hands."

"Then what will I do?" Mart Springer's to be left out in the cold while you fetch up in comfort on the top of the wall, which, by the way, maybe you'll jump, and maybe you won't; but I think it's more than likely you

won't. It's not an inch less than fourteen feet, and that beats Frigthy Bob's time."

"Don't fret yourself about the wall, and don't imagine we're going to leave you in the lurch. Just stave away, Bob, and show us what you can do."

"And 'sposing there's broken glass on the top of it?"

"Well, that's something I hadn't thought of. If there is, just let go and holler murder!"

"Here goes, then, for a jump."

Bob was fond of saying that nature had presented him with a good pair of legs, and in this he told the truth. More than that, he knew how to turn them to account. Softly on his tip toes, stepping back to the further end of the yard, he stood still for a couple of seconds; then, with a quick run he dashed at the wall. When close to it, through the dim darkness of the dusky night his form was seen to rise up, his hands were thrown forward, and, aided by a strong muscular exertion of the arms, he alighted in an easy sitting posture upon the top of the wall. Remaining there for a short time to recover his breath, which had been pretty well shaken out of him by his late exertions, Bob looked around him to "see how the land lay."

"I say, Dick, this cove won't fight no how. It's worse sitting on here than it was to Bill Fearnon, when the boys in Galena rode him on a rail. Everything comes up to a point, and there ain't the ghost of a chance for a feller to hang by his hands. Try and come up chimney-sweep fashion, by the corner there."

It must not be supposed that the speeches that we have recorded were made on any length of deliberation; on the contrary, the friends, up to this time, had not been in the yard above four minutes at the longest. Without hesitating to think whether or no it was possible, King Dick immediately attempted the ascent in the manner proposed by his companion. It required a tremendous sight of muscle to accomplish a thing of this kind, for the walls seemed to be as smooth as could be; but, relying on his strength, away went our hero, slowly, laboriously, but surely mounting the wall, while Bob, sitting at the top, was ready to extend a helping hand so soon as he might arrive within reaching distance. Half way up, a crumbled brick gave him a resting place, and a moment more saw Bob catch him by the collar, and draw him up like a huge catfish caught by some hardy fisherman.

"Off with your coat, now, and we'll see if we can't fish up friend Mart—it's too much to expect him to come up the way I did, and I guess with two coats we can make a line that will bear him."

The "line" being made, the two, first carefully bracing themselves, let it down, and Springer just managed to reach it with one hand. A few seconds saw him safe on the top.

"Now, then, Mart, which way are we to strike? You've got to show us the way, for Bob and I know about as much of St. Louis as a turkey does of Thanksgiving—all we know is to our sorrow."

"Hist!" was the answer. "They're coming now." Sure enough, the window was thrown open, and a light gleamed out into the little enclosed area. Two or three heads showed plainly in the window, peering cautiously into the not very brilliantly illuminated enclosure.

"I say, boys, this won't do. If I'd have known he wasn't here, doggone my buttons if I'd have pitched into a row in as hard a spot as Johnny Mackles'. Pete Jones swears he saw him come in here, and he hadn't been in for ten minutes before there was the very old Nick to pay; and when he looked in there he was slaying the crowd right and left. Now, where did he go to? He didn't go out the front way, nor he didn't go out the back way, and from what I can see he didn't get away through this window, for it opens on just one of the d—t places you ever did see; and this here window hasn't been opened before since the year one and a half. To make all things sure, we'll just leave half a dozen men around the house. Two of you can stay by the front door, and in this room, and the rest of ye can just lay around the back yard, sort of loose like, to nab 'em if they turn up."

"It ain't any use, I s'pose, to look up stairs," suggested an officious officer.

"Not a bit; so we'll travel towards the station house with these bally boys that must have a row."

During this pleasant conversation, our heroes, who were seated on the wall, felt by no means in the most cheerful of humors; for, from what was said, it was plainly evident that the cops were bent on catching the strangers; and Mart Springer, who had sins enough of his own to answer for, was just considering what would be the result if he was captured in the company of such desperate men as his immediate neighbors appeared to be. The conclusion which he finally arrived at, was one which was decidedly gloomy in its nature, and indicating a most thorough knowledge of the general course of the law.

"Move on now," whispered Bob, as the heads disappeared from the window.

"Which way shall we move? A n't there men in front and men behind, and brick walls around us, and revolvers and bills below us. How're we going to get out of this? I don't see, yet. I'm in for a row with any man, but whopping perlice ain't so easy done, and when it's done it don't pay."

"Follow me, then; we must get out of this some way or other, and one way's as good as another." Saying this, Dick, who was farthest from Mackles' house, raised himself partly up, and reached forward his hand. It fell upon the sill of a window—a second story window—and by a slight effort he raised the sash. In an instant Dick had disappeared. Not liking to remain behind, Bob and Mart Springer did likewise; and not a second too soon, for hardly had Springer's heels left the wall when, almost immediately below, they heard some one say:

"Do you hear anything? I thought I heard some noise, but ain't certain."

"Nothing at all."

"Keep your eyes open. It's twenty-five to the man that nabs him."

"Let 'em nab and be hanged. It's duty, I s'pose, but it's most cursed unpleasant duty; and that you'll find out before you get through with him."

"Who is he, though, and what's he been doing?"

"He's King Dick for the first; and for the second, he hasn't been a doing nothing. It's speculation, that's what it is. He's going to do something, and Dan's paid for not letting him do it. Mind you, I ain't saying he's not a fast cove, but he's on the square, and to my eye that's more than a good many that's trying to pinch him can say."

As there did not seem to be much chance of deriving any important information from the conversation, Dick began to feel around the room, wishing to get out of the house as quick as possible.

"Do you know who lives here, Mart?" finally inquired Bob.

"Can't say that I do."

"Well, I must say, for a regular resident of St. Louis, you know as little about it as any man you can come across."

"Yer mistaken there, I know yer are. I ain't a regular citizen of this here place; and for the time I've been here I've picked a good lot o' knowledge. I can't tell you the names of them as lives here, 'cause no body knows 'em; but I can tell you something about the house and them that lives in it."

"Spit it out, then, and hurry along with it."

"You see, there's some hard talk about it; the boys saying that it ain't exactly on the square. People comes out of it that never went into it, and at all sorts of unseasonable hours. There's a most good looking mot that goes in and out, sometimes. She's about thirty, with the purtiest figger, light hair, and eyes, well dressed, and she carries a red thimble, and the d—t queerest prop that ever I did see. It's a snake—"

"—coiled up. A green snake with diamond eyes, worth seven hundred dollars. I know her," hastily interposed Dick. "That's enough. As I know her, we'll drive ahead, and if we meet, there'll be a little private conversation."

Not a sound could be heard through the house as the three went out into the hall.

"Guess the people must have gone a visiting to night, for there's no one a stirring about the building, so we'll have it all to ourselves, like the bull that got into the China shop, as the books tell about."

"Blow my eyes, if there ain't a sound though!" said Mart.

The noise of a carriage of some kind or other, coming at a fast rate along the street, could plainly, for a moment, be distinguished; then there was a sudden cessation. Immediately afterwards there was the report of a door closing violently, and Dick, who was standing holding the door of the room open, cautiously shut it with a low "sh!" "Show a glim, some one, for there ain't a single match in my pocket, and I want to take an inventory before I go down into the front parlor."

Bob produced the required glim by scratching a match on the wall; and seeing a small lamp on the table, he lit it; whilst the other took from the breast pocket of his coat a memorandum book. For a few seconds, attentively perusing this, Dick took from a pocket in the book, a letter, and opening it, gave it a thorough examination. A singular smile came over his face, as he read the name at the bottom of it.

"Mark C—" he half whispered. "Mark C—" what does that C—stand for? What devil is he? The man I hate, the only man I ever feared; who is he, I say, who has ever turned up to thwart me when I thought my cup of joy was fullest? Ghost or ghoul, angel or fiend, I'll meet him yet. By—! I feel my hand on his throat even now, crushing him as it shall when first we meet. A ruined wife, a blasted hearth, a broken fortune, and a name, if not dishonored, only kept from it by being unknown. Why is it, though, I never meet him; why, the more I seek the less I find? What secret grudge of hate can be owe, that thus in cross to mine, he always runs? Here now a friend of mine must suffer. Oh, d—n! there's nothing like a foe you cannot see but only feel, and always sought, when sought is never found! I'll see this woman, though; perhaps she'll be of some assistance, though tools of his can work for only him."

Mart, being engaged in listening at the door, did not hear this soliloquy, and Bob, who had heard the substance of it often enough before. To him, too, was it a mystery for what the "C—" stood; and to him was it a matter of interest. Intimately connected with King Dick, as he had been for the last four years, he too had felt, somewhat, the interference of the mysterious "Mark," and had wished to meet him face to face, and learn the secret cause of his meddlesome officiousness. The letter he had seen; but he had so curiously to re-read it though it was that which caused his appearance in St. Louis.

Though reckless of his life and limb, Bob had been warned that the duties which he would be called on to attend to, would be of peril; but his answer to Dick was:—"Go ahead, I'll follow." So long as the one found the means to travel on, the other would follow without once asking the why or the wherefore. Thus, without a single demur, after a long conference with one of his friends, Bob was able to reply, "All right—I'm with you to see the thing through," when Dick said:—"Pack yer petter, Bob, for to-morrow we're going to St. Louis."

At length, breaking from his reverie, Dick said to his two companions, "Mart, you carry the lamp, and walk softly like, just as though you were barefooted and treading on broken glass, and we'll go down the stairs, and you two will wait in the hall, while I go in to have a talk with whoever's in the parlor. If I call to you, do what I say; and if I don't, just stand still; Bob knows how to act and Springer will make something by going into partnership with us. We ain't on the crib cracking lay, though, my friend," said he; as Mart was proceeding to stow away very quietly in his pocket several articles of furniture which appeared to attract his attention, and please his fancy. "Just leave those things where they are, for you're in a cursed sight better place than Johnny Mackles, if you only knew it. Take those things, and two months will see us safe stowed in grand quod for the next six stretches."

"Business is business," dogmatically remarked Mart. "Yes! and some business don't pay—that's one of the kind. Lay back that watch and those little fancy ornaments, for we're treading on hot ground."

"What's the odds? If we're caught here, we're quayed for it anyhow."

"Never you spread yourself, covey; Dick knows what he's doing, so down with that swag if you're for the square thing. We won't hinder business, if it's safe; but haven't got the ghost of a notion to run our blessed selves in a d—t over on your account. Pick up the lamp and travel."

From Mart Springer said, it was rather evident that he was third fiddle in the crowd, and might just as well hang up his own; so without more ado Mart shelled out the plaid, caught up the light, and led the way out into the hall. They were still a good distance from the stairway, for the house was an extensive one; but following the advice he had received, Mart who was an old screwman, cautiously proceeded, followed by the two.

"Close to the wall, mind you!" whispered he, as they prepared to descend the stairs. "Cos then, you see, they won't screech." With this advice he hurried ahead.

"Put out that light now and lay low. If there's a row, never mind me, but out your lucky."

When the light was extinguished, a faint gleam could be distinguished, creeping out, as it were, from under the parlor door. Without more ado, Dick walked silently up, and quietly but quickly turned the handle. Pushing it partly open, he cautiously peeped into the room. There seemed to be but one occupant—a woman sitting alone, half bent over apparently in deep thought.

The door opened wider for an instant, then closed, and

King Dick stood within the parlor, gazing fixedly at the woman who, apparently, was not yet aware of his presence.

On tip toes he crossed, and stood behind her chair—for she was sitting with her back towards the door. Evidently she was a pretty woman, though slight in make, and not very tall; there was that about her, which, without even seeing her face, would be *prima facie* evidence to the observer that she was handsome. Her hair, a rich golden brown, was looped up in large masses around her neck, but stray ends escaped in curling locks from the pins that confined it, and lay clustering on her fair white neck; and from her form one would take her to be scarcely twenty-five—though Mart Springer avowed her to be thirty. It was when she turned around at a light touch on her shoulder, and looked up into the face of her unbidden visitor, that he, after a quiet but scrutinizing gaze, slowly remarked:

"Yes, it is Jane."

A strange look passed over her countenance, even stranger and more indescribable than the smile on Dick's face when he was reading the letter of Mark C. It was one which our hero, skilled as he was in physiognomy, could not clearly interpret; there was surprise, fear, agony, remorse, and love, all strangely blended in that one first glance.

Oh! it was a beautiful face that turned upon him that glance. A face of pure white, mixed with the rosiest red, and a fair brow overshadowing eyes of deepest blue. Distort that face as wild as can be, and yet the beauty will not, cannot fade.

"It is, Richard, but what, in heaven's name, brings you here? Have you not suffered enough at home, without travelling a thousand miles to meet with worse and longer torments? Yes, Jane Hutchinson sits here, and asks you why you come here, why you enter St. Louis, where you have no friends, but fierce and powerful foes?"

"The foes I fear not, Jane, I came to seek them. Let me meet them face to face, with steel or lead, or the weapons Nature gave us, I'll fight them to the death. What has been has been, what will be is to come; but I fear not, and let sorrow come, King Dick is not the man to go under without a struggle. I'm here, not on my own account, but for another and a friend. Whatever is my object, you know me well enough to understand that fear will not make me give it up."

"Perhaps I know your object; nay, I am almost sure I do; and let me tell you, brave and strong as you are, you cannot gain it. A hundred hands will push you back; the dark night and a swift river may carry you and your aims to another world. There's one who hates you with a deep and maddening hate; who strives to blast you, and would joy to drink your heart's blood. He holds your life in his hands at any moment, but so far has spared you for a slow revenge—nay, don't smile so. No matter how many friends surround you, and how great your strength and will may be, in the midst of your friends, and in the glory of your strength, he can strike you."

"Curse him with the blackest curses that the loudest mouths may utter! I tell you, Jane, it's been a fight for years—for me a battle in the dark—and every step I've fought my way, but the first blow was the hardest; struck, too, when I thought myself best guarded. As for the rest, I've borne them. Who devises the schemes, I know not; but every friend I have—I have but few, but they are firm—has felt the force of this fiend's attacks. Any one without muscles of iron and nerves of steel must have fallen long before this. Thank heaven, a quick eye, a steady arm, and a cool head, have saved my life, what remains of my fortune, and some of these friends from all attacks."

"Richard, you have but felt the playing of the man. One blow he struck, alas! as hard to others as to you; but all that has gone before are but love taps to what comes after. The day will come when all this glory in your strength will be washed away, and you will remember the hour when Jane Hutchinson bade you fly. I know the man, and oh! only too well his fatal power."

"You know him then? Give me his name—tell me where I may meet him. I find his agents everywhere, but never Mark himself. What is his name? Where stays he? Where may I meet and call him villain to his teeth? Mark C! By heavens, I've searched high and low for him, been in every flash pen and every counting-room, wandered through every Northern city to find him, and now I seek him in the South. Mark this, when we meet, one of us dies."

"Richard, I say be warned. If ever you loved me—heaven knows that I loved you—in the name of that love I tell you to go back. You trifle with your life, and that of others."

"It is useless for you to say go back. I came to ask you who he is—this secret foe—and where I'll find him. You know, and you must tell me. It is useless to appeal to love, you buried all that one night four years ago, and now I only say, speak."

"I cannot, dare not do it. This I do say: search as long as you may, your mysterious foe is still invisible as ever; his hatred as great as ever. Take my advice—make no friends, have no companions, make no bets, live in the largest, fullest hotel you can find, stay in at night, be on your guard, or the king of the sporting men will have a fall. As true as you live, your friends will betray you; companions will cheat you; your bet, be they small or great, will be lost; and if all fails, then will poison and the knife do its work."

In conversation, it is the manner which impresses, even more than the words and it is impossible to describe on paper the impressiveness with which this advice was given. There seemed to be truth—startling, terrifying truth; for never did eyes more earnestly plead than did those blue ones, now moist with tears, as they looked straight in the face of King Dick.

"If you dare not give the name, at least reveal the cause of all this hate. For what reason has this man sworn vengeance?"

"For wrongs."

"What wrongs? When and where have I wronged any one? Let him point out the time and place, and if he shows it then I'll make double restitution."

"They are wrongs which cannot be washed out, and done not so much by you as by your instrumentality. The time may come when this hatred shall not be felt by you; but it will only be when he shall be in the grave."

"Unfading wrongs done by me (acting only as an instrument) and done to some one whom I never yet have seen—the man is mad; and so are you."

"Mad or not mad, this much I say, and do believe me, be has in his hands tremendous power for good or evil; and if he uses it for evil, then woe to him on whom it falls."

"You refuse to give me the knowledge, then, that I seek?"

"I do; would that I dare, but it can never be."

"Then tell me, where is Florio or Mayfield?"

The two were standing facing each other. Richard,



with his frank, open face and graceful form, seemed now but little like the fighting man that an hour ago had spread himself in Johnny Mackles' bar-room. When he entered the parlor instinctively as it were, he dropped the sporting character, and assumed that of a gentleman. There was that of a lady about Jennie Hutchinson. So graceful—so beautiful—so very earnest, as she laid her hand upon the shoulder of Dick, and said:—"I thought as much—I cannot tell. Believe me, that on compulsion only I mixed up in these dark schemes, but from the chains I cannot break. As pure in mind and soul as on this day five—"

"Hold!—D—n it, so it is! This very day, by all that's good, and bad enough at that. Once more I ask—and mind an answer I must have—where is Florence Mayfield?"

No answer followed this question. The two stood facing each other, a strange look on the face of each. "Five years ago to day; great heavens! it was four years ago to day—aye! this very night?" A momentary weakness seemed to have afflicted Dick, for he turned away, and leaned his face in his hands, his elbows resting on the low mantle-piece of finely polished marble. The eyes of the woman sparkled, and dimmed, sparkled again, her bosom heaved, and down one fair cheek stole a single tear.

The hour was late. Time had flown rapidly since the first appearance of our hero in the saloon next door, and already the streets were getting deserted. The sound of a footstep on the pavement outside, entered the parlor window. Hard and quick that foot must have fallen on the bricks, for loud and clear it sounded. The two were differently affected by it. The woman suddenly sprang forward with a wild look of fright on her face. A full round arm wound itself round the neck of Dick; for a moment a form, glowing with life and beauty, nestled close on his breast; a warm, red mouth, pressed a shower of kisses upon his lips. Then again springing away, she exclaimed:—"Tis his tread. We have met, and for the last time. In a moment he will be here. Fly, if you would live!" Even as she spoke the word "live," she vanished through a secret door in the wall.

"Yes, by—h—ll I know that walk. I heard it four years ago to-night; and I'll never forget it. Found at last?" Out from the room he rushed, and passed Bob and Mart Springer who were sitting upon the hall table, using an elegant ten dollar beaver hat, which happened to be lying around loose, as a spit-box.

Outside, the sound of the foot steps for a moment ceased; then again they were heard ascending to the door. The portal was flung open, and King Dick was standing in the entrance gazing upon the street. A lamp post stood immediately in front of the door, and the glare of the gaslight flashed right into Dick's eyes, for the second blinding him; but the man on the steps had drawn a revolver, and as Dick raised his hand to shade his eyes, fired full in his face. King Dick sank suddenly to the floor, and Bob popped his head out of the door hole just in time to see somebody disappear somewhere.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. L. F., Chicago.—We have always given place to such of your correspondence as we deemed of general interest. In some instances your letters came late, and the news was therefore somewhat stale for subsequent issues; for this reason they were omitted. We are very thankful to our correspondents one and all, for their favors, but we wish it to be distinctly understood, that we reserve to ourselves the right to insert what we deem of interest to the general reader, and to omit whatever we consider unnecessary.

E. W. B., Washington, D. C.—Your chances for an engagement are somewhat remote just now. Most of our companies have been made up for several weeks. Being from "one of the principal theatres in London," with the "tragic name" for your gilding star, and with "letters of reference" in your possession, application to some of our managers might lead to put you in the way of something when a chance offers.

T. M. B., Detroit.—The two went out to the "Abbey" to fight. On arriving there, one named pistol as the weapons, while the other insisted that it was fairly understood that it was to be a fist fight. Neither would give in, and the parties returned to the city, and the "fight" was never renewed.

Brown, Boston.—Jack Randall never sustained a defeat in the prize ring. Tom Cribb was beaten by George Nichols. It was alleged by the friends of Cribb that he held his opponent too cheaply, and did not consider it worth his while to get himself into fit condition for a prize ring encounter.

Reynolds.—A, B, C, and D, are playing raffles. A, and C, are partners. A and B throw and score for sides. B and D throw and score for count. The question is, does the throw off at the play of the two first players? No. The scores of both sides are counted and the highest score wins.

E. C., Watertown.—The plays you name are copyrighted, therefore you would render yourself liable were you to place them on the stage without permission from the authors. 2 Address, 8 French, 122 Nassau street, New York city.

Correspondent, N. Y.—Your suggestion is a good one, which we endeavor to carry out as far as practicable, unless when referring to matters of a private nature, or when they have been so frequently ventilated as to have become common.

J. S., Port Chester, N. Y.—You could not as you state, have kept a very sharp look out in the CLIPPER, or you would have seen ferrets advertised in our issue of the 26th ult. Address box 98 Columbia P. O., Pa.

J. W. C., Brooklyn.—If the free and easy room is in the same building, we are of the opinion that a wise "one the corner" held a general term in the sense indicated, "in the house" being understood.

Bloxiss, Salem, Mass.—The track at Kalamazoo, Mich., on which Flora Temple made her quickest time on record, 2:19 1/2, was a full mile, so we are credibly informed, but we never heard or saw it stated that it was over a mile, which is by no means likely.

F. C., Hockley Falls.—1. Three pictorials of dates 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, at six cents per copy. 2. We cannot undertake to say, as it is a mere matter of opinion.

J. J. B., Boston.—We are not informed of the lady's intentions. By a close watch, however, you may be able to ascertain them, and probably glean the desired information.

Hovey, Mass.—1. A bad time just now to make an attempt in that direction. 2. Try a line to some manager, stating your qualifications, etc.

Fair Play, Pawlet, Vt.—The club which was regularly entered to play against you, not having put in an appearance, and you having conformed to all the conditions, you are entitled to the prize.

Heskey.—Yes, Mr. Forrest did play Jack Cade, during his engagement here last winter. It was on the boards at Niblo's during the week ending Feb. 23, 1861.

W. S., Philadelphia.—The California Regiment was formed in New York by Col. Baker, but was composed, for the greater part, of Philadelphians.

J. B. B., Pittsburgh.—Mr. Forrest is performing in Boston. We do not think it probable that he will perform in your city this season.

E. M., Woodstock, B. I.—We know of nothing better than 2:25, in single harness, by that animal.

A Zoo Zoo, Fort Morris, Meade, Va.—He has gone to England. We shall hear from him soon, doubtless.

C. T., Buffalo.—He is still in Sing Sing. His time will expire next Spring.

S. S., Chicago.—We have made mention of the matter in this issue.

R. McC., Potsdam.—1. Low deals, and ace is counted low. 2. Count as point.

Old K. Y. K.—John Diamond is dead.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—The match between Jim Mace and young King, for the Championship of England, progresses favorably; but at this early day there is very little speculation on the event, better holding off until the result of King's fight with Broome is known. The interest in the proposed match between Heenan and Mace has died away in England, as it has here, and it is now rarely alluded to. The papers pick up the self-appointed "representative of Heenan" without gloves, and treat the Boy's challenge, and the remarks of the "representative" that accompanied it, as so much egotism, just as we proclaimed the latter long ago. Heenan's cause in England has been injured just as it has been in this country by the trashy fictions of his self-appointed "representative." It is high time for the Boy to put an end to the "literary flight of fancy" of his man Friday, and cut out from the "friends" who are dragging him down with themselves.

### THE GRAND BASE BALL MATCH.

On Sunday, Oct. 20th, a Sunday paper announced that the great base ball match fixed for the 21st would not take place, owing to the indisposition of some of the players. This was a pure "invention of the enemy," for there was no foundation for such a report. Through the same channel, however, the *Herald* of the following day was made to repeat the falsehood. The *Tribune* was partially imposed upon, but discovering the mistake in time, in another column, stated positively, that the match would take place, according to announcement, on the 21st, and so it did. The *Herald* was made to swallow its lie by publishing a report of the match on the 22d, after stating that it had been postponed! The Sunday journal that originated the lie, gave a report on the 27th, just one day before the match took place, according to its reliable announcement on the previous Sunday. Oh! how humiliating for our pious friend. The *Evening Express* of the 20th and 21st, were pleased to observe, exerted itself to undeceive the public, and opened its battery on the "unreliable Sabbath Journal" with telling effect. In its last issue, it states, that "the match was neither better nor worse than many of the club games that have taken place during the season," and, in a measure, congratulates its readers that it led them to keep away from such a poor affair. Very complimentary to the men who played, truly, and they will appreciate it without a doubt, but, unfortunately for "the unreliable journal," as it is now called, those of its readers alluded to "don't see it in that light." After accounting for issuing the notice of postponement in the latest manner possible, it proceeds to state that the New York side "was by no means so strong as could have been trotted out, had the match been properly gotten up," and further states that "it was an individual arrangement throughout," adding that "the principal and only object was to make a 'big thing' peculiarly out of it. How much capital 'the alders and abettors of the scheme'—viz., the gentleman comprising the two sides—'made by it' it cannot say. That is true. The fact is, the course of the 'unreliable journal' in this affair, from the first, has been discreditable in the extreme, and this last effort, in which it resorts to wilful misstatements in reference to the objects in view, only shows its conduct up in a still more dishonorable light. Its allusion to the 'individual' who was influential in arranging the contest, will have none of the effect intended, as he is too well known in the ball playing community to be injured by the falsehoods of a foiled individual. The idea of getting two or three hundred dollars out of the pockets of a ferry company or the German hotel keepers of Hoboken, is decidedly rich. Our reliable neighbor is evidently chagrined in being prevented from sending in the nice little bills for advertising that formed such a prominent item of the expenses in the Fashion Course matches. As Dan Bryant says, 'dats wats de matter.' As far as the play is concerned, the fact that on the Brooklyn side not a mis-catch was made, and scarcely a mis-play of any kind, proves their play to have been first-class in every respect, and on the New York side, the fact of their putting out such a nine for three runs, in six out of the eight innings played, is proof positive of the excellence of their play. Better pitching and catching than that shown on both sides was never seen, and certainly nothing has equalled that of the New York team, at Hoboken, this season. There are plenty ready to back the nine of New York, against any other team that can be brought to meet it out of Brooklyn, and not excluding Brooklyn if Creighton be left out. In conclusion, we have now to return our thanks to each and all of the contestants, for the able manner in which they 'aided and abetted' us on this occasion. But especially to Mr. Samuel Yates, of the Eagle Club, is the successful issue of the match to be credited. To Messrs. A. B. Taylor, McMahon, and McConnell, of the Mutuals, and McKeever and Van Cott, of the Gothams, we are also indebted for efficient service, and to Mr. G. W. Moore, of the Atlantic club, for the assistance he rendered our reporter on the Brooklyn side of the water. And, to conclude, we have to thank our pious contemporary for his valuable services in opposing the match as it did, as by that means, it enabled us to achieve a greater triumph than we ever contemplated, for in addition to our obtaining a successful issue to the match, we had the pleasure of the 'unreliable' placing it decidedly *hors du combat*. "Down among the dead men let it lie."

### KOLISCH-PAULSEN-LONARD.

#### MATCH AND BLINDFOLD PLAY.

PARTLY from our latest European exchanges; partly from a slip from the *Sunday* (London) *Times*, for which we have to express our obligations to a friend connected with the *Herald*; and partly from our own original efforts, we are enabled to lay the following most interesting Chess news before our readers. On the 7th ult., came off the great "blindfold" feat of Mr. Paulsen at the "Divan," Strand, against five of the strongest metropolitan amateurs, "for love or money," that could be induced to enter the lists against him. From the large list of acceptances, the following tremendous array of force was marshalled for the fray:—No. 1, Mr. Mackenzie; No. 2, Mr. Schouffer; 3, Maude; 4, Howard; 5, Barnes; 6, Burden; 7, Campbell; 8, Robey; 9, Lamb; 10, Mr. Wormald. Many ladies (an exception at the Divan) were present, and the play commenced at two o'clock. Between 5 and 6 o'clock Mr. P. made a mistake in No. 7, and resigned; at 10, No. 2 won; at 10 1/2, No. 1 resigned; at 12, No. 8 was drawn; immediately after, No. 5 ended in the same way; No. 9, at a little past 1, another draw; at 2, No. 12 surrendered; and No. 4 drew. This left Mr. Burden alone, and Mr. Paulsen and his antagonists were now just even, the excitement rose to its climax, and for a long time the battle went on evenly, but at 2 1/2 Mr. Burden made a "happy move," and won the game, which had lasted for over 12 hours. Though Mr. Paulsen thus lost by the odd game, he was most enthusiastically cheered at the conclusion. Walker, in *Bell's Life*, makes the following suggestions, which are so forceful and appropriate, and so come to the point in view of the proprieties of such an occasion, that we cannot refrain from giving them. He says:—"We would require the ten players to call their move on demand, or be adjudged to forfeit the match; as surely they have had full time for consideration while their neighbors are making their move. And we would have the players raised off from the spectators, with a public notice on the wall that the latter were not to remark on the position of the games in the remotest way. On the present occasion we thought it very discourteous to Paulsen, and a monstrous breach of common chess decency to see spectators crowding around the boards, handing the pieces, and intruding their sweet advice upon the players, who probably wished them at Brix's Island in return for their learned prophecies and corollaries. Surely all should be done to lighten Paulsen's labor, rather than help his adversaries to his detriment, supposing such professed help with any thing. It is a blindfold match the common law of every chess room should be rigidly observed; and we cannot doubt that our friends and neighbors have only to be reminded of the error to preserve silent neutrality for the future."

We are delighted to report that Mr. Paulsen's match with Herr Kolisch is progressing magnificently. Up to our latest advices the score stands:—Herr K. 1; Dr. P. 2; Mr. Paulsen 3.

#### SCORE OF THE FOURTH GAME.

Attack.	Defense.	Attack.	Defense.
Herr Kolisch.	Mr. Paulsen.	Herr Kolisch.	Mr. Paulsen.
1. P to K 4.	P to K 4.	16. Q to K 4.	K to K 4.
2. P-K K 4.	K-P 3.	17. P-K K 4.	Q-K K 3.
3. K-K B 3.	P-K K 4.	18. P-K K 4.	B-R P.
4. K-B 4.	P-K K 5.	19. Q-B 21 P.	P-Q 3.
5. Queens.	K-P K 1.	20. Q-B 21 P.	Q-Q.
6. Q-B 3 P.	Q-K B 3.	21. K-R Q.	Q-K K 4.
7. P-K 5.	Q-K P.	22. K-R R P.	K-K B.
8. P-Q 3.	K-B R 3.	23. Q-K K 1.	P-Q B 3.
9. Q-B 2.	K-K 2.	24. K-R K 7.	R-Q K sq.
10. Q-K B 3.	K-K B 3.	25. Q-K B 4.	K-B K 4.
11. Q-K R 4.	Q-K B 4.	26. Q-R 4.	K-K K 1.
12. Q-K 5.	K-Q 2.	27. Q-R 4.	K-K 2.
13. Q-B 1 P.	K-K R 4.	28. Q-K K 7.	K-R R.
14. Q-B 6.	K-B K 4.	29. K-R R.	K-B R 3.
15. Q-R K 1.	K-B 3.		Mr. Paulsen wins.

MR. LEONARD, our New York Champion, on Friday evening, 25th ult., played eight games, simultaneously and "blindfolded," at the "Morphy Chess Rooms," against as many strong players; concluding the feat in 13 minutes less than the performance of a week before, reported in our regular Chess department of this issue. The one now under notice was a triumphant success, and a splendid victory for Mr. Leonard. The arrangements were very superior, indeed perfect; and performer, antagonists, umpire and spectators had an almost unalloyed evening's entertainment. It will be reported in full, next week.

GREAT ENTERTAINMENT.—Dickens' last work, to meet the times, has just been issued from the press of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 308 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, in a cheap but neat form, pp. 168. Price 25 cents. F. A. Brady, 24 Ann street, Agent for New York.

Spies!—There is no question, whatever, that spies and traitors are scattered all through our army and navy; and it is equally certain that the many reverses we have met with can be traced to these sources. Spies and traitors are almost daily arrested, and almost immediately released on their taking the "oath of allegiance." What the country demands is the hanging of a score or two of spies; and until this is done, we cannot expect to rid ourselves of traitors. What has been done with the clerk who revealed Gen. McClellan's plan to capture the rebel forces on Munson's Hill? If the evidence is clear that he gave the information which frustrated our plans, he should have been hanged the moment that evidence was brought to light. It is said, with what truth, however, we cannot determine, that this clerk is now confined in Fort Lafayette. His transit from Washington must have been very quietly effected, if this is the fact. Had the people got hold of this miscreant, hanging would have been his portion, without a doubt. It is necessary to make an example of some of these spies. When a few of them shall have been strung up, the balance will very quickly give up their treasonable practices, and make speedy tracks for the rebellious States. Let the work commence at once. Begin with the Munson Hill spy, and let his rotten carcass be a warning to other evil doers. The slaughter at Ball's Bluff was very likely the result of information conveyed to the rebels by spies in our own camp. If the offence can be fastened upon the right one, let his punishment be swift and terrible, and we shall hear of no more surprises in that quarter, and no more slaughters. The people are calling loudly for revenge. Shall they have it, or shall spies still be suffered to lead our brave soldiers to certain destruction. We shall see.

"Go in."—Billy Wilson's Zouaves seem to have given that "surprise party" of rebels that attacked them, particular Jesse. The rebels got up this party for the especial benefit of Billy and his followers, but they reckoned without their host. With five times the number of the gallant New Yorkers, they opened the ball, and for a little while had things pretty much their own way, but the boys soon taught the rebels how to cut the pigeon wing, and perform other terpsichorean feats, finally giving them a regular chase down to the beach, where an old fashioned fandango took place, the rebels cutting up more capers than they were thought capable of. The "surprise party" were in turn surprised, and made all sorts of attempts to evade the fire in their rear, but without effect, for the Wilson boys gave it to them right and left, until the expedition was fairly out of range. The rebels were peppered in a highly seasonable manner, and many of their number were counted out in the general summing up. Altogether, they sustained such a defeat, that it is doubtful if they attempt to repeat the midnight attack. Wilson and his men were caught napping, it is true, but they were soon wide awake, extending the hospitalities of the season to their guests. The "boys" can't fight any—oh! no! They wouldn't hurt a rebel, would they? The accession forces, in this action, again gave evidence of their superiority in running, the New Yorkers being unable to catch them on foot, but took them on the wing with the little Minie rifle.

A PIGEON SHOOT BETWEEN TAYLOR AND TURNER, FOR \$200.—A pigeon shooting match between Taylor, of Jersey City, and Turner, of New York, two crack shots, came off at the old rendezvous, Oscar Sanford's, in Jersey City, on Thursday, 24th ult., for \$200 a side, under the following conditions:—Mr. Turner bet Mr. Taylor \$25 that he, Taylor, dare not make a mark for \$200 a side, to shoot at twenty-one "double birds," with 1 1/2 oz. of shot, 18 yds. rise 80 yds. boundary, to find birds and trap for each other. Mr. Taylor accepted the terms, and consequently won the \$25 bet. The shooting came off as above stated, in the presence of a numerous array of the friends of both men. The birds were lively and strong, and the "sight" of both of these knights of the trigger proved to be good, and the match was exciting beyond measure, and well contested, Turner finally winning by only five birds, he killing thirty four to his opponents twenty-nine, Turner's masterly style of handling his weapon, and drawing a head as true as a die on his birds, being much admired by the "old trigs" on hand. Taylor's execution was also highly commended. The quantity of "spoons" that flew around, did not by any means indicate hard times.

FOOT RACE AT COVINGTON, IND.—A foot race of one hundred yards was contested at the above named place, so we are informed, between Fred Markum and T. Kelly Davis, for two hundred dollars a side, the latter giving his opponent a start of five feet. Quite a large number of people of both sexes were on the Fair Grounds, to witness the race. Previous to the start, Markum was the favorite at five to four, at which quotation, considerable of what has been termed "the roots of all evil," changed hands. At 5 o'clock, P. M., both men toed their respective scratches, and at the word "go" bounded off, neither gaining any advantage for the first forty yards, but Davis then put on an extra pressure of steam, and darted away from Markum like a flash of lightning, and rapidly opened a gap, which Markum, despite his exertions, was unable to close, and Davis won the race by fourteen feet, handsomely. Davis, who hails from Chicago, Ill., has a good reputation as a pedestrian there, and his running is pronounced as being very easy and graceful.

FOUR.—Our Sabbath contemporary must have felt uncommonly small when he discovered that his endeavors to break up the great base ball match, were rendered futile by the successful efforts we had made to circumvent him. We suspected that our pious friend would resort to some dirty work to effect his object, so we laid our plans to thwart him. Our pious neighbor was in great tribulation, and we should not wonder if the disastrous effort of his coup, would eventuate in his being placed in a straight jacket. Poor fellow, after all the lying he had been guilty of, after all the trouble he had been subjected to, after the sure thing he had of it, what must his feelings have been when he discovered the error of his ways. Truly "the way of the transgressor is hard."

THE TURF IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The turf appears to have revived "down east" considerably, which may be easily accounted for, we think. The fact is, the proprietors of tracks and owners of horses theretofore have discovered that the people had become disgusted with "dead beat" trots, and hippodroming "trials of speed," and would not attend their levies, which were thus rendered profitless speculations. They have, therefore, turned over a new leaf, and are now getting things up on the square, and as a consequence, the people are again favoring them with their patronage. When will our "planters" heretofore listen to the teachings of the public? When shall the brilliant turf days of Long Island, as they were wont to be, be revived? Echo says, when?

LEWY BUREL.—In the engagement in which Col. Baker lost his life, Capt. L. Burel is mentioned as having acted the part of a brave man and true soldier. It was through his exertions, we understand, that Col. Baker's body was saved from the barbarous hands of the enemy. Capt. Burel is well known in sporting circles in Boston, New York, and elsewhere, and we are glad to find that his actions on the field of battle were brave and honorable. His courage was never doubted by us, and we felt confident that he would render a good account of himself, whenever the opportunity offered.

NEW YORK CHECKER CLUB MATCH.—The closing match of this club, for the benefit of Mr. Wm. Crossley, their worthy professional, was postponed from the 23d ult., to Wednesday, 30th of this week, when it is intended, we believe, that the first eleven will play the next twenty-two. As the days are short, all the members will be on hand early. Delinquents will be hauled up before the justice of the Marine Court, Edward L. Hearne, after the forthcoming election, a position he is very likely to secure. As he is Vice President of the club, the members and cricketers generally had better make a note of this, and mind their P's and Q's accordingly.

WHO WAS IT BLUNDERED?—Another slaughter has been the result of a blunder at Ball's Bluff. Who is to blame in the matter? Who gave the order to cross the Potomac, yet made no provision for a return, should the fortunes of the day make a retreat necessary? There is something rotten in the army of the Potomac, and Gen. McClellan owes it to himself and the country he represents, that the putrid carcass should be ferreted out.

In Philadelphia, \$105,847 has been paid up to October 24th, for the relief of the families of volunteers.

### BILLIARDS.

A LETTER FROM M. BERGER TO THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN BILLIARDS PLAYERS.—We present our readers with a translation of the following letter from M. Berger, which came under cover to Messrs. Phelan & Callender of this city:

OCTOBER 5, 1861.  
To Messrs. Phelan, Kavanagh, T. M. Secor, White, Bird, Lake, Victor Estephe, Professors of Billiards, U. S.:

My DEAR SIRS AND COLLEAGUES:—I left New York so hurriedly that I had not time to thank you for all the kindness, truly chivalrous, which you have shown me. I shall never forget the very distinguished manner in which you received the stranger artist, the French Professor of Billiards. You were good enough to forget for the time that you are yourselves eminent artists at the American game, in order to aid in the French game *per se* Berger of Paris.

As I said at my farewell exhibition in New York, it was on your part, abnegation which recalls the days of antiquity. Accept, then, my sincere thanks, and be assured that my gratitude for your loyal assistance and your disinterestedness, will be yours for ever.

My wife, my daughter, and all the Professors of Billiards in France, to whom I have related your noble conduct toward me, unite in eulogy of you.

We make this declaration with great pleasure, for it is sincere, and we hope that it may be some return (too small, it is true) for all the kindness you have bestowed on me.

I conclude by shaking your hands and praying that God may speedily put an end to the civil war which afflicts your beautiful and generous country.

Your devoted and grateful friend,

GALVIE MONTPESSIER.

No. 6 Palais Royal, Paris, France.

THE MATCH BETWEEN PHIL TIEMAN AND DEERY.—The attention of the billiard world is naturally directed to the coming contest between Messrs. Tieman and Deery, which takes place on the 21st Nov. night, in Cincinnati. A large gathering of eminent players, both professional and amateur, will no doubt be present to witness the match. Mr. Phelan, we understand, has signified his intention of being present, and others of our prominent New York players will be on hand.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. CANN AND WHITE.—A match for \$100, took place between these gentlemen in the Billiard Saloon of the House, Broadway, N. Y., on the evening of Wednesday, 23d ult. The game was 700 points around the table. It was won by Mr. White, by 97 points.

BILLIARDS AT THE EVERETT HOUSE.—At the request of the guests of the Everett House, Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh played a game of 500 points, around the table, on the evening of Tuesday, 22d ult., in that establishment. The game was won by Mr. Kavanagh, and the spectators kindly manifested their satisfaction with the play by exhibiting.

OPENING OF MR. BENJAMIN'S ROOM, TAYMANY HOTEL.—The opening of this room took place on the evening of Monday, 21st ult. Several prominent players were present on the occasion, and a large number of amateurs. A carom game of 500 points was played by Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, in which there was some brilliant play, and which was worthy of Mr. Kavanagh. Messrs. Stone and Benjamin, and two prominent Amateurs played a four handed game, which showed much good playing, and which held the attention of the spectators throughout. All seemed pleased with the evening's entertainment.

THE SET-TO BETWEEN COL. BILLY WILSON'S BOYS AND THE REBELS AT SANTA ROSA ISLAND.—As a concise account of this affair, editorially alluded to elsewhere, will be of interest to many of our readers, we here give the General's own report thereof, which is brief, to the point, and decidedly humorous:

CAMP BROWN, FORT PICKENS.  
SIXTH REG'T, N. Y. V., Oct. 11, 1861.

Dear Wife—I am in a great hurry. We had a terrible attack two nights ago. Two thousand men came upon us at three o'clock in the morning. We were, however, saved by the timely arrival of the 1st and 2nd regiments. Two hundred men in camp at the time, and the rebels must have had at least two thousand, but the few I had did well as we killed quite a number. Eleven of my men are killed, several wounded and a number taken prisoners. My old cook, Napoleon, is taken prisoner. We killed about four hundred of the rebels and took forty prisoners. I am without a stitch of clothing, but all right and hearty. My men fought well. The pickets fought like devils. We lost papers and everything. I got out buttoning my pants to receive them. Their war cry was, "no quarters to Wilson or his men." Your husband, WM. WILSON.

CAMP BROWN, NEAR FORT PICKENS.  
SIXTH REG'T, N. Y. V., Oct. 15, 1861.

Dear Wife—The steamer, I believe, will sail this afternoon for New York. I wrote you a few lines the day after the fight. I fear news from the South has reached you with terrible statements of the affair. They had me killed and every man in the regiment. All they did was done suddenly. At three o'clock in the morning they attacked us with two thousand men. We had only 200 men. My sentence's fought bravely, and gave us notice, but was a short one. We were hardly out of bed, and my men had scarcely their eyes open, when the enemy commenced a terrific firing all around us from three different points. They poured volley after volley into us, however. We stood and returned the fire, but finally had to retire behind sand hills. Nevertheless we again rallied, and with the assistance of the troops out of the fort, drove them back, killing several hundreds. None of my officers were hurt, and only 11 were killed, ten wounded, and sixteen prisoners. My clothes and everything belonging to me were burned up. Your husband, WM. WILSON.

BIG SHOOTING WITH BIG GUNS.—A public trial of the steel guns furnished by Mr. Ward, for the Sixty-Sixth Brigade, came off on the 24th ult., on Staten Island, at a point about two and a half miles below Vanderbilt's landing. A twelve-pounder, which was first fired at a target at the distance of 1,200 yards, made an average distance of 2 ft. 11 in. from the centre of the target for six successive shots, fired at an elevation of four and a half degrees. A six-pounder was then placed on the carriage, and a number of shots fired from it at different elevations to test its extreme range. It was found that at an elevation of 59 degrees, with a charge of three-quarters of a pound of powder, a ball was from 31 1/2 to 33 1/2 seconds in its flight, which, taking the mean velocity of 800 feet per second, would give as the extreme range of this six pound gun, over the water, the longest time of flight hitherto attained in the Navy Department has been 27 seconds. Guns of an increased size will possess a proportionately increased degree of power. Shot were also fired into a bank of sand, and again dug out to exhibit the manner of the firing of the gun, and certainly nothing could more nearly approach perfection.

The elevation of 59 degrees has been spoken of, and in this connection it would be well to observe that this extreme elevation is only attained on carriages such as those on which these guns are mounted. The Parrott gun-carriages only allow an elevation of 5, and the U. S. army pattern of 10 degrees, while these Ward carriages will allow the gun to be elevated to 40 degrees, the advantage being gained by placing the trail behind the axle.

The whole process of their construction and the tools and machinery employed in it, are different from anything hitherto used. The guns are made by welding together bars of steel until they form a massive ingot, without flaw or damage, and from this by immense labor, the gun is brought out into the perfect and elegant shape in which it is finished.

On Friday, the first of three batteries of these guns, ordered by the Ordnance Department, were received. It consists of four six-pounders and two twelve-pounders, with caissons, battery wagons, forage, ammunition, etc., complete.

ARRIVED OAT.—Our young friend "Ned James," whose graphic reports of sporting exhibitions, etc., have from time to time appeared in the CLIPPER, has arrived in London, as we learn by the latest foreign mail. It is probable that we may shortly have some letters from Mr. James, descriptive of sporting men and manners in the "Great Metropolis."

A BIG CHALLENGE.—Geo. S. Tuckerman, of Oregon Co., N. Y., challenges any regiment of infantry in the State of New York, armed either with the Enfield, Minié, Springfield or Remington rifle, or musket, to shoot at a target, he agreeing to put more balls into the target than the whole regiment.

AMATEURS IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Wheatley Dramatic Association, of Philadelphia, gave an entertainment on the 23d ult. The plays performed were "The Golden Farmer," and "Hunting a Turtle." The playing was below mediocrity, save in a few instances, though it is presumed the audience were well pleased with the efforts of the young Thespians.

A MONSTER MOOSE was recently killed at Cape J. hn, N. S., which weighed considerably over twelve hundred pounds. The antlers measured seven feet across. This would have been a magnificent specimen for exhibition.

QUICK PASSAGE.—The British bark Sir Geo. F. Seymour, Capt. Wallington, arrived at this port on the night of the 22d ult., in four days from Hamilton, Bermuda, being one of the quickest passages on record.

IN GREAT DEMAND.—The preparations of Dr. Gouraud for cleansing and adorning the person, are in great demand just now, while concerts, theatrical entertainments, balls, parties, etc., are becoming seasonable. No lady thinks of attending any of these, without making her appearance as attractive as possible. To do this, it is absolutely necessary that she should wait at the best of cosmetic inventors, Dr. Gouraud, and procure a supply of his beautifiers, such as his incomparable Oriental Cream, which imparts to the skin an alabaster appearance; also, his Liquid Rouge,



AN TOWER NOT YET EXTERMINATED.—Mr. "Terrible" Gardner  
 pound town and tells "awful" stories about his brilliant friend  
 ark's favorite, Mr. William T. Love. The old man says that  
 nt saw" the joke, and will put on the grove with the  
 le Gardner," on Thursday, the 14th of November, at 22  
 street, New York. Tickets 25 cents. Let old and young



## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,  
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

## THE LATE GRAND BASE BALL MATCH.

Our report of the match for the Silver Ball, written, as it was, in haste, immediately after the match, owing to our going to press the same evening, was not as elaborate as it otherwise would have been; we therefore refer to it again, to give a more complete analysis of the batting on both sides, which will prove interesting, as it fully shows who were the parties that excelled in this respect. Of the New York Nine, the very fine play of McKeever and Cohen as pitcher and catcher, is generally conceded to have been equal to anything that has been seen at Hoboken for years. The excellent play of Yates at first base, and Harry Wright at short stop, was also highly creditable to them. McMahon's fielding at third stop, and his catching, from the 6th innings to the close of the game, was also such as to merit praise, as was that of Harris as pitcher in the same innings. The outer field was well attended to by Messrs. A. B. Taylor, Harris, and Culyer, and Cohen's play there was admirable. Brown made several fine plays at 2d base, but his fielding was below the high standard he exhibited at the first contest between the Atlantic and Mutual Clubs. Of the Brooklyn Nine, we have to accord to one and all praise of the highest degree, for their admirable display of ball playing. Creighton's pitching, swiftly and accurately as each ball was delivered, was a treat to every spectator; and the efficient aid he received by the splendid catching of Pearce, admirably fielding at 1st base, in which position, by beautiful catches, he put out nine of his adversaries, is worthy of special remark, while Smith at 2d and Price at 3d base, did their duty thoroughly, the latter putting out Brown in fine style, but the umpire was not able to see the whole action, from where he stood. The outer field was well attended to by Flanly, Manolt, and Reach, Flanly making a splendid fly catch, and Reach several beautiful stops. Manolt was altogether too cramped for room to be as serviceable as he generally is, otherwise we should have had to record two or three good catches; as it was, fine hits that would ordinarily have brought the strikers home, only admitted of their making their 3d bases, so promptly was the ball returned from the field. On the part of the New York Nine in their fielding, two excellent bound catches were made by A. B. Taylor, two or three by Wright; a fine fly catch by Harris; and a pretty one on the bound at center-field by Cohen, a good one by Culyer, and McKeever's two fair balls, which he took on the fly in style, were warmly applauded. In the 7th innings, as before alluded to, Harris and McMahon went on as pitcher and catcher, McKeever going to short field and Cohen to center. In the first four innings, the Brooklyn nine had been put out for two runs only, this result being mainly attributed to the fine play of McKeever, Cohen, Wright and Yates, the two former being most effective. In the 7th innings, the Brooklynites had apparently "got the hang" of McKeever's pitching, for they scored 7 runs, chiefly by fine batting; hence, we presume, the change that was made, but they made 8 runs off Harris's pitching in the 8th innings, the out-field being very good at that. However, great as the difference is in the aggregate runs scored by each party, the superiority of the victors was not as great as the score would indicate. We much question whether a nine could be collected together that could again put out such a nine as Brooklyn had, in the manner the New York team did, up to the 5th innings. It is proof positive of the selection made being a judicious one. Of the decisions of the umpire, all we have to say is, that emanating, as they did, from a gentleman so well known for his thorough impartiality and love of fair play as Mr. Leggett, they afforded satisfaction to all. With few errors there were, resulted from his great eagerness to do justice to both parties.

An analysis of the play of the occasion, as far as the batting is concerned, yields the following result:

## BROOKLYN NINE.

Pearce made his first base twice by good batting, once by a miss of Brown's in fielding, and once by a hit on the fly by Brown, being left on his 1st base once, and had two outs and three runs. Price made his 1st base once by a bad throw of Wright's, and by a miss of McKeever's, and had four outs and two runs. Smith made his 1st base once by a good hit, twice by misses on the fly by A. B. Taylor and Harris, was left on his 3d base once, and had two outs and two runs. Beach made his 2nd base once, and his 1st base twice by good hits, and once by a miss on the bound, being left on his 3d base once, having two outs and three runs. Manolt made his 1st base twice by good hits, and twice by miss-catches by Brown; being left on his 1st base once, having two outs and two runs. Reach made his 1st base twice by good hits, once by a miss of Brown's, and was left on 3d and 2d bases once each, having two outs and one run. Creighton made his 2d base once by a good hit, and his 1st base by a miss-catch of Taylor's, and had four outs and two runs. Pearce made his 2d base once and his 1st base twice by good hits, and his 1st base once by a miss of Brown's, was left on his 3d base once, and had two outs and two runs. Flanly made his 3d base once by a good hit—the best of the match—had four outs and one run. A recapitulation in tabular form presents the following result:—

Bases made by good hits—Eckford 7, Atlantic 4, Excelsior 4. Bases made by misfielding—Eckford 4, Atlantic 4, Excelsior 2. Times left on bases—Eckford 4, Atlantic 2, Excelsior 1. Outs—Eckford 6, Atlantic 8, Excelsior 10. Runs—Atlantic 7, Eckford 6, Excelsior 6.

The runs made by the Atlantics were completed in the following manner—Pearce's by the batting of Creighton once and Beach twice; Price's by the batting of Pearce and Manolt once; Smith's by the batting of Reach and Flanly. Those by the Excelsior were completed as follows—Creighton's by the batting of Reach and Price; Pearce's by the batting of Manolt and Smith; and Flanly's by that of Reach. The Eckfords completed their runs as follows—Beach by the batting of Pearce, Price, and an overthrow; Manolt by that of Reach and a stolen run; and Reach by that of Pearce. From which it appears that the Atlantics are more to the Eckfords, than the Excelsior. The Excelsior owe two of their runs to the Atlantics, and three to the Eckfords, and the Eckfords owe theirs in two instances to the Atlantics, and one to the Excelsior, once to themselves, once by an overthrow, and once by a stolen run. The Eckfords are therefore less indebted for the completion of their runs to the other players, than either of the other two clubs. In this analysis, therefore, the Eckfords came out ahead. These results, however, could not be taken into consideration in giving up the ball, the number of runs being the only criterion to decide the question of the possession of the trophy.

## RECAPITULATION.

Runs of Atlantics completed by Eckfords, 4; Excelsiors, 3. Runs of Eckfords completed by Atlantics, 2; Excelsiors, 1. Runs of Excelsiors completed by Eckfords, 3; Atlantics, 2. Runs of Eckfords completed by Eckfords, 1; by misfielding, 2.

## NEW YORK NINE.

Yates made his 1st base once by a good hit, once by misfielding, had two outs and three runs. Wright made his first base twice by good hits, was left on his 3d base; had two outs and made one run. Culyer had three outs and no run. McKeever made his 1st base twice by good hits, was left on 1st base once, had three outs and no run. Cohen had four outs and no run. Harris made his 3d base once, and 1st base by good hits, was left on 2d base once, had one out and one run. McMahon made his 3d base once—the best hit on the New York side—and his 1st base by good hits, had three outs and one run. Brown made his 1st base once by a good hit,

had three outs and one run, and A. B. Taylor had four outs and no run.

## RECAPITULATION.

Bases made by good hits—Eagle, 1; Knickerbocker, 2; Gotham, 2; Mutual, 2; Atlantic, 4; Excelsior, 4. Bases made by misfielding—Eagle, 1. Times left on bases—Eagle, 1; Knickerbocker, 1; Gotham, 1; Mutual, 1; Atlantic, 2; Excelsior, 2; Empire, 2; Gotham, 7; Mutual, 11. Runs—Eagle, 2; Knickerbocker, 1; Mutual, 3; Gotham, 0; Empire, 0.

The runs were completed as follows—Yates completed one of his runs by a throw of Pearce's to 2d base, and the other by a passed ball; Brown by McKeever's batting; McMahon by a throw of Pearce's and a miss at 3d base; Wright by Harris's batting; and Harris by Culyer's.

We leave our readers to draw their own conclusions from the above analysis, as to which club excelled of those engaged in the contest.

In regard to the question of the ownership of the ball, according to the programme laid down in our issue of the 12th inst., it is unquestionably the property of the Atlantic Club, their three players having scored the most runs. Supposing that New York had been the victors by their score of 6, Yates would have won the ball, his being the best single score. By no other means could this question of ownership have been fairly decided, as had it been by an analysis of the superiority of the play throughout the fielding must have been taken into consideration, and that done, the players of the Atlantic, and the 1st base play of Pearce would have placed the Atlantic as the victors. On every side we have been congratulated on the success attendant upon our efforts to re-introduce the series of matches between New York and Brooklyn. We have taken the initiatory steps, and now leave to others, the ensuing series, to undertake the task of arranging a home and home series between picked players of the two localities.

**DRAWING TO A CLOSE.**—The season for that class of sports usually practiced during the summer months, is fast drawing to a close, and base ball, cricket, fishing, boating and amusements of that ilk, will soon have to "take a back seat," and the concert hall, the theatre, the billiard room, the chess and checker boards, the ball room, and the social circle, will for the most part, occupy the vacated throne, although many will doubtless undergo a toughening process at the hands of Old Jack Frost, while taking a hand or foot in, with the skates, the snow shoe, or curling stone, and perhaps some old stagers will occasionally start on an exhibition in search of game, fully armed and equipped, with dog and gun, etc., and a pigeon shoot will be occasionally on the docket. Well, everything in its turn say we, as a short cessation from any one given sport or amusement, gives a relish to it, when resumed, that would not otherwise be the case, for, if it were possible to engage in this or that one all the year round, we should soon become satiated with it, and perhaps discard it altogether. No, change and variety are good, as well in sports as in any other matters, therefore it is, that we hail, with some sort of satisfaction, the advent of winter, which, as well as its more favored perhaps, and opposite season—summer—has its thousand and one pleasant associations and reminiscences, that we should sorrow in being obliged to resign. Therefore, while we may regret to a certain extent, that the season of sports of one sort is about closing, and that for some time we shall not hear the welcome cries of, "how's that umpire? judgement? give way boys! I've got a bite," etc., let us look forward to those of winter with glowing anticipations, which we hope will be realized by one and all of our readers. *Excelsior Summer, Enter Winter.*

## CALIFORNIA SPORTING ITEMS.

A TROTTING RACE, in which considerable interest was manifested, took place on the Centerville Course, San Francisco, on the 17th ult., between the celebrated animals, California Damsel and Red Bird, which the former gave a brief account of the trotting in the CENTRIVILLE COURSE, Tuesday, Sept. 17th—Proprietor's purse \$500, free for all trotting horses; mile heats, three in five, to harness.

John Crooks's m California Damsel.....1 2 1 1  
J. L. Edlin's s Red Bird.....2 1 2 2  
Time, 2:41, 2:44, 2:38, 2:38.

TROTTING AT SACRAMENTO.—Yolo Grove Course, Saturday, Sept. 14. Trotting match for \$500 a side, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

A. F. Smith's s Lightning.....1 1 1 1  
D. Biedgett's b Kookab.....2 2 2 2  
Time, 3:01½, 2:55, 2:53.

Tuesday, Sept. 17th—Proprietor's purse of \$500, for three-year-olds; mile and repeat.

N. Coomb's b Dossita.....1 1  
C. Kerby's chestnut stallion.....2 2  
Time, 1:55, 1:57.

A GREAT DOURN TEAM TROT, came off on the Yolo Grove Course, Sacramento, on Sept. 18th, between Shot and Rainbow, and Glencoe and Jim Barton, for a purse of \$1000, and is claimed as having been the latest and greatest double team trot ever driven in America.

The American team gave a brief account of the trotting in the various heats, with the summary:—

**First Heat.**—Close together they went until rounding the turn; when Crooks pushed ahead, and in the twinkling of an eye took the track. Glencoe broke up, and before Daniels could get him down to his work, Shot and Rainbow had opened a gap by no means pleasant to close in hot pursuit. Along the back stretch Crooks was about ten lengths ahead, and as he neared the three-quarter pole he had Daniels distanced. But Glencoe and Barton had not put it up to that way, and going after the little team, they closed the gap somewhat as they entered the stretch, but Crooks was too far ahead—Shot and Rainbow winning the heat in the unprecedented time of 2:36½.

**Second Heat.**—Both teams started off well together; at the turn Shot and Rainbow took the lead, about one length in advance of Glencoe and Barton, and without varying an inch came in ahead at the score in the same position, winning the heat in 2:36½.

**Third Heat.**—In scoring for this heat, Glencoe and Barton out-footed the other two every time they would come up for a start, but at last they went off evenly together, and in a splendid style, it was evident, however, that the heat was Daniels', for at the turn he took the track and the cheers, shouts and plaudits of the assembled crowd. It was a grand sight. The grey and bay darted ahead and left Crooks just where he left them on the first heat, and along the back stretch up to the three-quarter pole Crooks was distanced, but by running his horses around the turn into the home stretch, and again, when opposite the ladies stand, he managed to save his distance, Glencoe and Barton winning the heat in 2:39½.

**Fourth Heat.**—They went together round the turn, but as they got into the first quarter, Glencoe and Barton left the others as he did before. From the quarter the half pole both teams did some as neat and pretty trotting as ever seen, although Crooks was a long distance in the rear. From the half to the three-quarter pole Shot and Rainbow did some running, but were soon checked in; but as they rounded into the home stretch, Shot ran, until they were checked sightly, then he was allowed to run again, and did so run past the stand, Glencoe and Barton a little in the rear. At the conclusion of the heat the judges cleared the stand, and after consultation, declared the heat in favor of Glencoe and Barton in 2:41.

Exception appears to have been taken by some of the parties, to the ruling of the judges on the conclusion of the race, which was not of the most satisfactory order. After a lapse of twenty-five minutes, the race was postponed to the following day by the judges, in which Crooks evidently did not acquiesce, as the expiration of the above time, Glencoe and Barton not appearing, Shot and Rainbow jogged around at their case in 3:31, thus completing the fifth heat.

Yolo Grove Course, Wednesday, Sept. 18—Proprietor's purse of \$1000; free for all double trotting teams; mile heats, three best in five.

John Crooks's Shot and Rainbow.....1 2 2 1  
J. M. Daniels' Glencoe and Jim Barton.....2 2 1 1 dr  
Time—2:56½, 2:53½, 2:59½, 2:41, 3:31.

**CRICKET IN CALIFORNIA.**—A cricket match of considerable importance was played in San Francisco, Cal., on the 18th ult., between the Pioneer clubs of Grass Valley and San Francisco, and was the first match ever played in California, in which any eleven had taken part, that were not residents of the last named city. The festivities connected with the affair were grand, while the play is not boasted of by those who played. We append the score:—

**SAN FRANCISCO.** First Innings. Second Innings.  
Smith b Powning.....31 b Powning.....8  
Murray b Powning.....11 b Powning.....3  
Healey b Powning.....1 not out.....5  
Parks run out.....13 b Powning.....3  
Fox b Powning.....13 b Powning.....4  
Conner b Powning.....1 run out.....1  
Byes b Tippet.....1 run out.....4  
Haverlock c H Vial b Tippet.....5 b Tippet.....1  
Pugh c H Vial b Tippet.....16 b Tippet.....0  
Stead b Powning.....1 c Hays b Tippet.....1  
Pugh not out.....1 b Powning.....1  
Hays b Tippet.....7 Leg byes.....2  
Total.....83 Total.....38

**GRASS VALLEY.** First Innings. Second Innings.  
Bray c Stead b Conner.....1 not out.....4  
H Vial b Fox.....0 b Fox.....2  
Homfray b Conner.....6 b Fox.....2  
Joe Powning b Conner.....1 c Fox b Conner.....7  
Peters b Conner.....6 b Conner.....0  
Tippet b Conner.....1 c Hays b Conner.....8  
Davis c Murray b Fox.....0 run out.....13  
W Vial b Conner b Fox.....0 run out.....6  
Powning c Conner b Fox.....1 c Murray b Fox.....2  
Bray not out.....2 c Murray b Fox.....2  
Byes 4, leg byes 1.....6 Hays 3, leg byes 2, wide 1.....6  
Total.....50 Total.....59

Umpires—Messrs. Green and Salisbury.

**THE MILE FOOT RACE.**—In last week's CLIPPER, we gave the result merely of a race of the above distance, run in Sacramento, on Sept. 12th, between Henry Derrick, of San Francisco, and John Ludwig, of Sacramento, for \$500; but being in receipt of further particulars, we here give them for the benefit of those interested in pedestrian sports. The race for several weeks had created considerable interest, it being said that Derrick would win the race, as he was a more powerful and muscular man than Ludwig. Previous to the start, Derrick had the call at odds, without any takers. There was a large attendance to witness the sport, among whom was a fair sprinkling of ladies. At 5½ P.M. both pedestrians appeared on the track. Derrick's colors blue, and Ludwig's red. The latter wore flesh colored tights, the former none, which, we should judge, gave him a decided advantage. Derrick is well built, finely proportioned, and a powerful muscular individual.

At 5½ P.M. the following gentlemen were appointed judges: Sheriff Marshall, Major George P. Gills, Wm. Hooden, and Dr. Tazewell. The two latter time judges. Derrick had the inside at the start, and at the word, started, Ludwig dropping behind in his wake, and there kept to the home stretch, when he shot ahead, passing the first half mile in 3:15, and kept ahead the next half mile, making the mile in 6:30. Derrick won the second mile in 6:45; Ludwig won the third mile in 6:45; the fourth mile won by Derrick in 7:00. On their entering the home stretch on the fifth mile, Ludwig began to lag, and fell behind a considerable distance, while Derrick was still keeping up his usual gait, without any variation in his speed from the previous miles. Ludwig, as he rounded the last turn, gave up, and walked leisurely along to the refreshment saloon, perfectly exhausted. Derrick made the fifth mile in 6:45. The race was decided as won by him, so far as the stakes were concerned, but there was a considerable amount at stake in regard to time made in the ten mile run. He made the 6th mile in 7:30; 7th mile in 7:39; 8th mile in 7:48; 9th mile in 7:45; the 10th was not announced. He went his ten miles in 1 hour 10 minutes and 38 seconds, at the end of which he did not appear to be the least distressed. The time was by no means fast, but it is due to Derrick to state, that he confers himself able to do the distance inside of an hour.

## THE GAME OF CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. Y. Z., Senior. Philad'a.—Heartily welcome! Thanks for so unique a game. I shall have early insertion. "More."  
E. McCutcheon.—Your pretty game, soon.  
D. E. Daimar.—Send 'em on now, at your convenience.  
J. Schlesinger.—Now for "these" problems.

## PROBLEM NO. 300.

BY GEO. H. DERRICKSON.

## BLACK.



White to play and give mate in four moves.

## GAME NO. 300.

BLINDFOLD PLAY.

On Friday evening, 18th inst., the abilities of the "Morphy Chess Rooms" and the friends of our Champion had the pleasure of witnessing the playing of seven games simultaneously, against as many antagonists, by J. A. Leonard, Esq., himself seeing neither men nor board. The Chess Editor of the CLIPPER was appointed by the proprietors as Umpire; and inasmuch as possible to guard against interference he took the pains to make all Mr. L.'s moves, after the first, and announce all the antagonists' replies. A more than medium success and an evening of great interest and much pleasure resulted from the effort. The details being given below, almost in full, renders a further general report unnecessary.

## BOARD NO. ONE.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Leonard. Alpha. Leonard. Alpha.  
1. P to K4 P to K5 K Kt to his sq  
2. K Kt-B3 11. Q-her Kt3 Q-K to 4  
3. K-B4 K-B4 12. Q-Kt-Q5 Q-home(a)  
4. P-Q B3 BxKt P 13. Q-B3 P-KB3  
5. P-Q B3 B-Q B4 14. K-PxP KtPxP  
6. Castles P-Q R3 15. K-R-Ksq+ K-Bis Bsq  
7. P-Q4 K-PxP 16. K-K B P Q Kt-R4  
8. B-PxP K-B4 17. K-B-Kt(a) Q-Q Kt  
9. Q-Kt-B3 K Kt-B3 18. Q-B-R6+ and announced  
"mate next move." (P-S)

(a) The Defence here proposed to receive back his K P, and set all his men at home again—not accepted.

(b) An enthusiastic round of applause followed this the move for the petition.

(P-S) Messrs. Chamber and Schlesinger are flooded "ten lagers" each, for being too intensely interested in this game. Pay up, and be absolved.

## BOARD NO. TWO.

WITH MR. LYON.

A KING'S GAMBIT.

Mr. Leonard made a miscalculation in the opening by which he lost a piece, and abandoned the game at about the 15th move.

## BOARD NO. THREE.

WITH JOS. LEONARD.

AN IRREGULAR OPENING.

An effort, as futile as it was insane, to confuse the unseeing play, or J. A. L. lasted in a dozen moves, 45 min. At the close of this game Mr. L. had made and received the replies to about 80 moves!

## BOARD NO. FOUR.

WITH MR. FREELAND.

THE FIANCHETTO.

Mr. L. got rather the worst of this game, and, to free himself, sacrificed a piece; but so steady and accurate did Mr. F.'s defence continue that he won a rather short game.

## BOARD NO. FIVE.

SCOTT GAMBIT.

Leonard. E. W. Bryant. Leonard. E. W. Bryant.  
1. P to K4 27. QxQ B QxQ  
2. K Kt-B3 28. K-RxQ Q-R2(g)  
3. P-Q4 K P 29. P-K4 6 Q-R-K R2  
4. K-B4 K-B4 30. P-K R3 K P x P  
5. P-Q B3 K Kt-B3 31. P-K Kt3 B-K Kt2  
6. Castles P-Q3 32. K-Bis R2(a) P-Q5  
7. B-PxP B-Q Kt3 33. Q-R-K Bsq Q-K2  
8. Q-R-K3 P-K R3 34. K-R-B+ K-RxR  
9. B-K R4 P-K Kt4 35. Q-R-K+ K-Q B2  
10. Q-B-K3 KxK P 36. K-R3 K-Q3  
11. K-Bis R3 P-Q4 37. P-K R5 B-K Kt2  
12. K-B-R3 Kt-B3 38. K-R B5(g) K-Bis4  
13. B-PxKt Q-B-K3 39. K-R K7 Q-RxR  
14. Q-Kt-B3 Q-her2 40. K-PxR B-Q B4  
15. Q-Kt-R2 Castles QR 41. KxR P K-Bis B5  
16. Q-Kt R4 P-Q Kt4 42. K-RxR P-Q Kt4  
17. K-K R5 Kt-K R5 43. K-Bis R5 K-B-home  
18. Q-PxKt P-K Kt5 44. P-K6(k) P-Q6  
19. K-B-R2 P-K R4 45. P-Kt4 46. K-R Bsq  
20. P-Q Kt4 P-Q B3 46. K-Kt6 B-K Bsq  
21. P-Q Kt5 P-PxP 47. K-Bis R7 P-Q7  
22. B-PxKt P-Q R4 48. K-Kt5 B-K Bsq  
23. Q-her Kt sq P-K R5 49. P-Queens Bxnew Q  
24. B-K Kt3 R-PxP 50. KxK B K-Bis6  
25. Kt-Kt2 P P-K R4(f) 51. K-Bis7 K-Bis7  
26. Kt-PxP QxKt 52. K-Q6 P-Queens, and

with the party, with R P.

(e) This flank being entrenched, for the present, a splendid struggle, closely scrutinized by a large and excited crowd of spectators, now followed.

(f) For two moves too soon; should first have brought his Rooks to bear upon the hostile K. But for some annoying interference, he would have done so. The Attack's game is now comparatively clear.

(g) Meaning mischief of the blackest kind.

(h) Edges through his perils on the very brink of destruction.

(i) A beautifully calculated move, more than many a broker-on could comprehend, he is now playing a winning game, in splendid style. This battle is worth and worthy the whole effort.

(k) Most unfortunate! K to Kt 6th was the move. This, the longest game, occupied nearly 4½ hours.

## BOARD NO. SIX.

FOUR KNIGHTS' GAME.

Leonard. J. A. Douglas. Leonard. J. A. Douglas.  
1. P to K4 P to K4 Q-B-K3  
2. Q-Kt-B3 Q-Kt-B3 23. P-K-B4 Q-B-K3  
3. K Kt-B3 K Kt-B3 24. P-K-B4 Q-B-K3  
4. K-B4 K-B4 25. P-K-B4 Q-B-K3  
5. Castles Castles 26. R-B1st P P-Q7  
6. P-Q3 K-B3 27. K-R Rsq P-Q B4  
7. Kt-PxP P-Q3 28. R-Q B6 K-Bis2  
8. Q-B-K3 Q-B-K3 29. R-Q Kt6 P-K Kt3  
9. K-B Kt Kt-PxP 30. R-Q Kt4 K-Bis3  
10. P-K B3 B-K R4 31. R-K R2 P to K R4  
11. P-K Kt4 Kt-Kt P 32. R-Q Kt2 R-Q R3  
12. R-P Kt1 Q BxP(f) 33. B-K a2 K-Bis4  
13. K-Kt2 Q-K B3 34. K-Bis B3 P-K B3  
14. K-Kt3 Q-K Kt3 35. B-K K3 R-Q R5  
15. Kt-K P(m) Q BxQ dis+ 36. R-K B3 K-Kt6  
16. Kt-K Q Q BxQ 37. R-K B3 K-Bis R6  
17. KxK K KxK 38. K-Q3 K-Bis4  
18. Q-R Ktq BxQ(n) 39. R-Kt2+ K-Bis R4  
19. Q-R Qq BxP 40. K-R4 Q-Q4  
20. K-R Ksq Q-B Q4 41. Q-R Ktq B-K B2  
21. K-Bis R2 BxR 42. Q-R Q Bsq B-Q B5, and  
owing to the late hour, Mr. D. proposed a draw. Agreed.

(f) A bold counter assault which led to the most exciting interest in this game as the positions developed.

(g) How about P to K B4th, at this point.  
(h) The only instance in the whole of sport in which one game clashed with another. Mr. L. had made the move, at first, for the 15th of No. 5; and in correcting it there and changing the color, momentary inadvertence placed the umpire at fault here, and when Mr. L. not only repeated the move, as correct, but pointed out the bearings, a burst of applause rewarded the effort.

(i) The counter attack is all thwarted, and fatal loss inflicted upon the Defence for his temerity, but, in turn, an almost fatal miscalculation to allow the B to take all these P's with impunity. Mr. L. afterwards, before setting the board, pointed out the proper path to victory.

(j) A splendid battle follows. It was curious to see the excited crowd vibrate between this board and No. 5, scrutinizing intensely every move. Indeed, so excited did our friend Mr. Schlesinger get at one or two points, that he started flouting "ten lagers" for his almost interfering in the game. If he meddled with the men—double the dose.

## BOARD NO. SEVEN.

WITH MR. MCLEAN.

A "FRENCH DEFENCE."

[Fine for playing it, "ten lagers"]

This was an afterpiece, taken up after 8½ moves had been played on all the other boards. Played up in less than three minutes! Mr. L. lost.

To Mr. Harry Elliott, the Umpire, would express his thanks for assiduous and valuable assistance in scoring the games; and to Nos. 1, 4, and 6, for various courtesies.

## CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

**THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.**—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully reviewed in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price 25 cents, post paid to all parts of the U. S. 50¢ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

**THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR BEGINNER'S GUIDE.**—A new edition of the above work (by the CLIPPER Draught Editor), is now ready. (R. M. DeWitt, publisher, Frankfort street, New York.) The book is precisely what its title indicates, containing the elements of the game in full; beautifully printed on fine paper. 50¢ per 38 cents, post paid to all parts of the United States. Address FRANK QUEEN, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

Send cash or stamps and the book will be forwarded at once.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nemo, Princeton, N. J.—Not having a file of the CLIPPER before us when we "put up" the match games, it is probable that the proper numbers are not prefixed to the games as far as published. We commenced at the top of the string, calling that game No. 1, and so on. Will you be kind enough to forward the No. of each in its order in your next? If so, we will make all straight.

H. L., Pittsburgh, Pa.—See notice to N. mo, above.

LUMINARY or THE WEST. B. B. B. N. Y.—Express writes to the following effect: "Tell Mr. Leonard that he can't win game No. 26, Vol. IX, after his famous draw move















